

PERISCOPE

Issued Semi-Monthly By Beaver College Students

VOL. 1

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No. 10

Adventuring on the High Seas—Every Day!

There is a difference of opinion as to what constitutes an adventure. According to the dictionary it envelopes an element of risk; and this is of course the old familiar use. For instance it was so used commercially in the middle ages; and we still speak of the merchant adventurers who hazarded their all on the favor of wind and tide.

But in common speech there seems to be at least two uses of the word which do not imply risk in the strictest sense. One of these is achievement, and it is with this idea plus risk that we speak of the adventures of Arthur and the Round Table. The other is the notion of surprise in a sudden encounter or discovery. And right here if one may take the risk—for this is an adventure also you see—of disagreeing with the dictionary, is my idea of what the word really ought to mean. For it comes from two Latin words meaning "come" and "to" so that it implies coming to or upon something. Now if this Latin origin is to be interpreted by a very modern person—say for instance a flapper with a boyish bob and earrings—it may mean going somewhere—at least as far as New York or Philadelphia—and seeing unusual or amazing sights or people as watching a hold-up or meeting a movie star or something. Being an old-fashioned person, I contend that some of the most amazing things in the world are the ones we do not think about because we are so used to them, like the glory of the sunrise or the fragrance of the spring.

I have always contended also—at least in my own mind, if you call that contending—that an adventure is a thing of the spirit, and that it is not

(Continued on Page Seven)

Pome on Spring

Hast ever thought, O, reader dear,
That Springtime comes but once a year?

But once a year, alas! Alack!
When one whole year till it comes back.

Spring's here, but ah, the woe, the pain—

A year till it comes back again,
A year, twelve months, till it returns;
My heart it throbs, my soul it yearns.

The little streamlet murmurs too
For it feels cold, and so would you—
Just think oh think, how cold you'd get,

If you, like it, were wet—all wet.

The birds, the bees, the insects now are

Humming in the leafy bow-er.
I would that I, too, were a bird!
(To be an insect were absurd.)

The flow'ret springeth from the ground,

The little lambkins spring around,
And every one and everything
Doth Spring—for oh, 'tis Spring, 'tis Spring!

But, O, rejoice, for Spring has Came,
When throats are sore and backs are lame—

When all may sniff and some may sneeze,
And students flunk their course with E's.

Lynn H. Harris.

"With every desire to do good, the ignorant and foolish only succeed in doing harm.—'Tis knowledge crowns endeavor with success."

—Jataka.

Prizes Offered by Penna. Academy to Art Students

The regular Art students are engaged in a Freehand Drawing Competition under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. We are authorized by the Academy to award two prizes: the first, of \$10.00, and the second of \$5.00. The two prize winners are then judged in open competition, with other invited schools, by the faculty of the Academy when three prizes are awarded: first, of \$25.00; second, of \$15.00, and third, of \$10.00. We have been particularly fortunate in receiving either first or second prize by the Academy Faculty. One year our students received both first and second prizes, which clearly demonstrates the high standard of our work. Come in, "All Ye who are weary and heavy laden and we will give you rest."

An exhibition of the students' drawings will be held in the Studio at the end of this month. The prizes will be awarded by vote of the Art School Faculty. As we wish to maintain our prestige with the Academy Faculty we shall make our awards to the most meritorious works.

The Faculty of the Art School.

Some Gems of Wisdom

From Buddhist Sermons

"With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself."

—Lalita Vistara.

"To make an end of selfishness is happiness."

—Udnavorga.

"** If Virtue flogs and Folly rules, what reverence can there be—for a high name or boast of prowess, inherited from former generations?"

—Fo-sho-ling-tsan-King.



The PERISCOPE

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Social

RUTH M. PECK
 ETHELYN M. OWENS

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Not ancient halls and ivy-mantled
 towers,

Not spacious pleasure courts,
 And lofty temples of athletic fame,
 Not fashion, nor renown,
 Of wealthy patronage and rich estate;
 O, none of these can crown
 A school with light and make it truly
 great.

But masters, strong and wise,
 Who teach because they love the teach-
 er's task,

And find their richest prize
 In eyes that open and in minds that
 ask.

Henry Van Dyke.

Lately we have heard students who
 bewailed their ill-luck in having their
 pictures or items in the social
 columns of their home-town papers.
 We fail to see why this is a calamity.

The publicity to which exception
 was taken was sent out through the
 College News Bureau, a new institu-
 tion this year at Beaver, and which

will become a permanent feature in
 this as in other colleges. When a girl
 attends a dance or breaks an athletic
 record while at college, the News
 Bureau sends the information to her
 home-town paper, which is glad to
 receive the news about a local girl.
 However, there are reasons for this
 other than a desire to assist various
 newspapers in their search for ma-
 terial. The most important purpose
 is to make generally known the name
 and aims of Beaver College.

Of course it is an advantage to the
 college to be well-known. That fact is
 self-evident. But do you, who are
 students, realize that it is of great ad-
 vantage to you to be a graduate of a
 well-known college? Later, in secur-
 ing a position, for instance, you stand
 a far better chance of acceptance if
 your college name and its high stand-
 ards are known, than you do in being
 a graduate of an obscure college. And
 the way to make a name familiar to
 the public in this age of advertising
 is by scientific publicity.

Unfortunately we cannot carry a
 story in the newspapers saying
 "Beaver College is the best college
 in the country and should be attend-
 ed by all those wishing the best."
 Our only way of obtaining the right
 kind of publicity is by the news-in-
 terest within the college. It is not
 the individual that the College News
 Bureau is exploiting—it is the col-
 lege. Your name and news-interest
 is therefore a contribution to the
 success of your college; and the
 greater the success of your college,
 the greater will be the power of your
 degree or diploma after graduation.

Make your activities known to the
 College News Bureau. Or place con-
 tributions, or suggestions, in the Per-
 iscope Box at the Post Office!

First Student: What shall we do?

Second Student: I'll spin a coin. If
 it's heads we'll go to the movies. If
 it's tails, we'll go to the movies. If
 stands on edge, we'll study.

Teacher: What is harmony?

Student: Harmony is boiled corn.

The Periscopic View

April 15—Expression Depart-
 ment. Play, "Seventeen".

April 20—Recital by Lulu Belle
 Paris.

April 22—Art Club Party, Bo-
 hemian Night.

April 28—A. A. style Show.

April 30—Wyncote Bird Club
 lecture.

Parting

Our paths diverge so soon, dear
 friends,
 And hearts are sad these bright school
 days—
 For class and teachers must hence-
 forth
 Pursue apart life's devious ways.

Upon the threshold lingering yet
 We backward turn our wistful gaze;
 For sweet and joyous memories crowd
 Around these hours, these parting
 days.

We greet the future fair with hope,
 And pledge ourselves to truth and
 right—
 To help the weak, to hate the wrong,
 To make our record clean and bright.

The seeds of truth sown in our minds
 By skillful hands shall harvest yield,
 And valiant reapers may we prove
 Upon the broad world's harvest field.
 M. L. C.

Do They Work?

As our contribution to the Faculty
 Number of the PERISCOPE we wish
 to correct an erroneous impression
 which is held by many students that
 "the Art students have an easy time
 of it."

There are three types of Art
 students in our school and other Art
 Schools are quite the same in this re-
 spect. First, those who register and
 visit us occasionally; second, those
 who are sincere but not especially
 gifted; and third, those who have both
 ability and desire to work. Of these
 the first class deserves no mention.
 But we have observed over a period
 of years that those of the second class
 very often, thru sheer effort rise to
 heights unattainable to those who,
 though more gifted at the beginning
 of their career, fall short of real
 achievement thru carelessness or in-
 difference. Therefore, our natural and
 logical conclusion is that those Art
 students who "have an easy time of it"
 are not the workers but those who re-
 ceive and "Incomplete" either thru
 lack of required work or failure to
 reach the acceptable standard of ex-
 ecution. We extend a hearty invita-
 tion to all who consider Art Study
 SHORT and EASY to come in and try
 it for the remainder of the year.

New Spelling For Old!

As noticed in the Secretarial De-
 partment.

privelege	knat	oblidge
reccomend	knaw	ogment
quanity	skan	discribe
desimanate	disapate	fense
recieve	lisense	descrepency
territory	formel	reaf
inconsistant	prominant	visable
warrent	adgitate	representitive
payed	simalar	dependance

Grace T. Sutton.

Chemistry Prof.: Name three ar-
 ticles that contain starch.

Bright One: Two cuffs and a collar.

Uncle Ab says to take friendship
 into your business, but don't take
 business into your friendships.

The Beaver Student

Two-thirds of our eventful year has gone, this first year of the newly established Beaver College, and now we are ready to pass judgment upon you, the Student Body. For nearly seven months that we have lived together in happy harmony, we have watched you coming finely through your needed readjustments to changed surroundings, fall scimmages when new work and new play piled high upon the new recruits, through mid-years, prom and winter season. We have watched you and pleased we have been with the joy and growth you unlaboriously have manifested. Accordingly today, when this issue of the *Periscope* rightly demands some estimate of you, the Student Body, representing our college to the world, we gladly offer this criticism.

All institutions of learning create a type student, the effect of tradition and of four years' assimilation of its very life. What type are you? Has this new Beaver had time to stamp her mark upon you? Beechwood did; old Beaver did; but has the new Beaver? She, whose traditions are for the time clouded in a period of transition; she, whose brief renewed existence seems such an inadequate part of four years for the assimilation of college atmosphere. We, as faculty, observing you, say, "Yes—the Beaver mark is on you,—not yet indelibly as it is to be,—but it is there, for taking you as a whole we find you this—a charming, natural, capable, earnest, happy group, which characteristics form your type.

In a specific way Beaver, a college for the practical and cultural, with her individual purpose is molding you. That which she has to offer has attracted you from widely separate homes,—Texas, New England, Iowa, Porto Rica, Japan. You came intentionally to get just what she has to give, and now consciously and unconsciously you are helping each other to react as she wants you to. Furthermore in mass you are being forced by her busy program of class work, study and entertainments to fall into her mold. Through her delightful cultural courses and through the advantages she offers in the cultural Philadelphia she is developing and increasing your charm. Through her practical courses she is relating you definitely to useful activity, she is helping you to be more capable and earnest. And you in close contact are gaining one from the other a broader cultural and practical understanding.

This year these qualities that form your type have shone out particularly in the field of athletics; there your enthusiasm, school spirit loyalty, honor and happiness reveal the big things you are capable of when these same attributes are aroused in other fields. You are ready for a high standard in all departments, equal to fine work and play generally if the stimulus be provided by the teachers. Therefore when you may seem deserving of criticism for inefficient work let us, the faculty, sweep well before our own doors to see if we, as much as you, may not think of you. We approve of all your be found wanting.

Thus you see what we have come to wholesome activities; we want you to play hard when you play, then work with your full enthusiasm when you work. We see you as worthwhile, yet

jolly. In spite of the prevailing of your boyish hair cut (and, we deeply regret, of a too frequent smell of cigarette smoke about some few of you) we recognize nothing mannish about you. Though close fitting white duck knickers at times may intrigue the fancy of one or two, we see that same one or two attractively gowned in blue or pink evening dress, with a male escort, at the President's Reception. Furthermore, there is nothing ultra modern nor unbecoming in you, though conservative neighbors may gossip about short, tight skirts and rolled socks. You're all right.

We tell you all this, not fearing that such praise will turn your head; we trust your fine qualities to prevent that. We do it because we want you to see what we see in you and expect of you. And now in order that you may "come down to earth," we say—Carry into all you say and do the spirit of the athletic field. Be everywhere the sport you can be. Work with an eager will for all Beaver has for you; play with a will and glory in your fun. Be true to Beaver as you wish Beaver to be true to you. Remember that everywhere you go Beaver is judged by you. See therefore nothing you say disparages her. If you can see her as she your Alma Mater, is, and all the good things she has for you, you will no more be ready to hurt her by thoughtless and public criticism than you would your mother at home. Beaver has done well by you and so you may be well proud of her, even as she is proud of you.

Priscilla W. Heacock.

Relished by the Wisest

A member of the faculty is intensely interested in parodies of nursery rhymes—so she is contributing a few that she discovered in her research:

Jack and Jill went up the elevated ground

To fetch a pail of common liquid;

Jack fell down and broke his occipital dome,

And Jill came tumbling subsequent to.

Mary, Mary quite opposed to,

How does your garden increase, flourish?

With silver bells and the coverings of marine bivalves,

And fair maids all in exact alinement.

Tom, Tom, the piper's male offspring,
Stole a pig and away he moved rapidly.
The pig was eat and Tom was severely chastised,

Tom, Tom, the piper's male offspring.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the receptacle for nourishment

To get her poor dog an osseous tibbit.
When she got there, the cupboard was entirely denuded of its contents.

And so the poor doggie got the opposite of any.

Chicago Daily News.

M. L. C.

"As You Like It:" The Faculty.

"All's Well That Ends Well:" The Seniors.

"The Comedy of Errors:" Exam Papers.

"The Crisis:" Exam Time.

The Faculty Spendthrifts

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and family motored to Greenville, South Carolina, where they are spending a fortnight. They were accompanied by Misses Bellandi, Riddle and West who went to their respective homes for the Easter vacation.

We are glad to welcome home Mrs. Thomas who has spent the past four months with her daughter in Pittsburgh.

Miss Lane is a patient in the Samaritan Hospital in Philadelphia where she already has spent a week. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Dean Ryder spent his vacation at the Abington Hospital where he underwent a very successful operation for the removal of his tonsils.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham, of New York City, spent the week-end with the latter's sister, Mrs. Gough.

The Dickens Club of Wyncote spent a very pleasant afternoon, April 6, with Miss Ableson as hostess. While they were about it, why in the "Dickens" didn't they spend more than an afternoon?

The Annual Reception for Dr. and Mrs. Harris was held Friday evening, March 26. The receiving line formed in the reception hall after which dancing was enjoyed in the gymnasium. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

Miss Paige spent her vacation with Mrs. Beck, nee Miss Vern Lamade, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Miss Wallon spent Tuesday of last week beside the wild sea waves at Atlantic City. We are wondering what more she spent.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Marshall, our new social directress, who arrived after the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Martin was called to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law in Western Pennsylvania last week.

Upon inquiry as to how Mr. Nuse spent his vacation, he said, "I went broke buying a complete outfit for my oldest son and heir, and I'll not feel natural until the first of the month."

The regular Faculty Card Party was held on Friday evening, April 9, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Harris. The hostesses were Misses Buhrmester and Wallon, ably assisted by Dr. Harris. They report a well spent evening.

Mrs. Weston spent her vacation doing her usual spring house cleaning.

Miss Buhrmester and her botany class, accompanied by Miss Peck, spent a very pleasant afternoon as the guests of Mr. Snyder of the North Wales Nurseries on Saturday, March 27. Mr. Snyder took them to the Horticultural School at Ambler and the North Wales Nurseries, where they saw eight acres of roses under glass. These nurseries are the largest in the world and ship roses to all parts of the United States.

Miss Sara Scofield, formerly of Beechwood, who has recently returned from Paris, was the dinner guest of Miss Clute.

Mrs. C. A. Whitney, of Newark, N. J., was a week-end guest of Miss Clark.

The remainder of the faculty, aside from those who went to their respective homes, were voted the greatest spendthrifts for they remained at school during the vacation and spent many idle moments.

A Seat in the Day-Coach

"May I share this seat with you?" was the eager inquiry of the last-minute commuter to the sole occupant of the only partially occupied divan on the suburban train. The whole being was speaking through the obsequious question, for the comfort of the traveler depended upon occupancy of this none too comfortable seat.

It was one of many—what characterless things they were! All alike—they seemed to be adapted to everyone and to no one; but this one was at the moment the whole supply for an insistent demand. Then, too, it was in a day-coach—not a chair-car—a dreadfully common, vulgar public carrier—a thing of convenience for all. Before our commuter sat a social leader and a shop-girl, with worlds of fancied differences between them, but equally absorbed in the common language of "milady's boudoir," while directly behind him sat the leading broker of the city and the horse-fancier, both intently talking in the language of speculation. Riding in a common carrier they were using the common carrier of the trade marked language of abject conventionality. How tragic it all is!

We use the day-coach—it is convenient; we dress alike—it too is a matter of convenience. We build like-appearing houses—it is expedient; we indulge in the same habits—we would not seem peculiar; but our thoughts and feelings are all we really have. Why dress these up, fine, serious and precious, thoughts they be, "in old second-hand phrases, faded and dulled, mouthed by thousands" before us? Listen to the dullness in the once crisp ring of a word first happily spoken. What a good figure "gesture" was when it came into current writing! Now watch the frequency of its use, or misuse, in every penny-a-liner of newspapers now. The modern worshipper grows listless and sleepy when in every pulpit and creed he is bored with the clarion call of a "challenge." Then, too, inexplicable things are classed as "complexes," and so ad infinitum.

We pity him who wears second-hand shoes—fitted to other feet, worn by countless journeys and errands—and wonder how he can ever be comfortable in them. Yet we clothe our thoughts like this and the pity of it is we are unabashed thereby. How we hamper the exchange of thought! But in exercising "the magic of the necessary word," we must avoid the discomfort of "too-new" skill. Our new-thought-shoes must not pinch and our new-thought-clothes must conform to the figure we bear. It would often be pleasant to "hold-up" the speaker to whom we have listened and compel him to re-address us in new words.

But we have reached the terminal. We are a part of the great whole surging from our common carrier into the great open country to do as we please and say what we wish after our own style—in search of freedom and liberty—only to be lost in a hopeless slavery of mediocrity.

(Suggested by a recent magazine article.)

Jesse Penney Martin.

If a-body meet a-body
Working in the Lab—
If a-body greet a-body
Need a-body gab?

"Skoits"

As we review the years since the opening of Beechwood School and subsequent opening of Beaver College it will be interesting to stand aside and note the costumes of our girls as year after year they have taken their places upon the stage of school life.

In the early days, on a bright morning in October, we noticed descending from trains and coming up the campus, groups of girls who approached with tiny, faltering steps. Occasionally one would trip, and, with difficulty, rise. What was the trouble? Had we turned over night into an orthopedic institution? No, we were in the throes of the sheath or hobble skirt. This with no regard to the silhouette of the wearer sometimes measured only thirty two inches around the hem, just wide enough to allow a girl to toddle.

"Hobble, hobble little skirt

How I wonder what thou wert.

Perchance maybe papa's pant

Now for him a trifle scant."

We remember how pulpit and press tried to ridicule this fashion, how the state of Virginia attempted to pass a bill forbidding it; but to no effect. Even our Virginia girls continued to toddle, to fall into street cars, to tumble on the street when they had inadvertently attempted to take too long a stride. When the girls could no longer even hobble on account of the scantiness of their skirts we remember how slashes were cut in front and at the sides and a bright colored petticoat or even Turkish trousers were worn underneath.

When the next year arrived the returning students looked different and we noticed that over her tight skirt every girl wore a full tunic falling about two thirds the length of the skirt.

Gradually this fullness at the waist line grew larger and larger until when school opened in 1914 the students looked like a group of animated, dressed up playthings for the day of the "peg top" skirt had arrived.

As its name implies, the silhouette had the appearance of a top, the extreme fullness of the upper part of the skirt being laid in pleats and the very narrow lower part left open at the front so that it might slip up over the instep.

The tight skirt in some form seemed doomed to stay, indeed it lasted a remarkably long time in the history of fashion; but on Registration Day, 1915, we saw a change. Every girl appeared in a skirt with a decided flare at the bottom and when the 1916 contingent arrived we seemed to have dropped back into the period of the French Directory with their full skirts, some even with rows of whale bone to make the skirt more bouffant.

Boots, of course, were very important and we remember them as being very high, reaching to the bottom of the skirt and in colors of gray blue, tan and bronze.

The years of war left their mark even on the younger generation when it was necessary for them to adapt themselves to a war time schedule. Wool was strictly censored, silk, satins, crepes and chiffon became the

mode and colors were quiet, since the dye situation was acute. It was at this time that we noticed girls to be wearing one piece dresses, simple in line and devoid of trimming.

With the signing of the Armistice in 1918 we received a shock. Costumes reflected the unsettled condition of the times. Every one, irrespective of age or silhouette, blossomed out in a dress suitable for a child of twelve. Our students naturally appeared in a scant skirt, barely below the knees, rolled stockings and so much paint and powder and lipstick that they were caricatures of themselves.

As has happened often before, law makers threatened, pulpits denounced, the press ridiculed, but girls quite calmly continued until they themselves were ready to make a change.

Athletics, automobiles and the various lines of business open to women have evolved the dress which we see our students wearing today, the acme of comfort, simplicity and good line.

As some one has said "Probably there is no more encouraging, wholesome symptom of the times than is to be found in women's clothes. They indicate that women are no longer doomed to live on sex, that men are no longer such impossible egoists as they were, and the clothes predict the girls of the future will enter life boot ed and spurred for the fray as they never have been before."

Agnes Sprague Zerby.

Advice to Teachers

Upon Entering An Empty Classroom

Though students call you "dear teacher," and though they may flock around you with offerings of poises as you make your way across the campus, even at times joining hands and circling about you with sweet song and dance; still, there may be times when a peculiar and trying situation confronts you—that of entering an empty classroom.

In such a predicament, sit you down; but ponder not on the thoughtlessness of youth, that fetes you today and leaves you flat tomorrow; think instead on what may have detained the little darlings: first of all and uppermost, vacations, after which it seems they just can not get back on time!

But—do not tarry long in the empty classroom. Instead, hurry out and visit for that period. Hunt up someone—anyone—but do not carry on the lesson, lest such practice should lead you to acquire the habit of talking to yourself!

SILLIER THE BETTER

"I'm writing a song."

"Indeed? What's the subject matter?"

"It doesn't."

ODE TO DUTY

If college bred means a four years' loaf—

Some people say 'tis so—

Oh, tell me where the flour is found—
By one who needs the dough?

Lynn H. Harris.

Why Apologize?

(Editor's Note)

Being literary editor of the "finest school paper in the world" is a responsibility not to be laughed at. When I accepted the office for this issue I felt highly honored and was most anxious to contribute something of my own composition. But then there were several weeks before I must present my masterpiece. Time flies more quickly than we realize and before I knew it the Easter vacation was upon me. Yes, my article must be written during the holidays and where was a better place to write than in the sleepy old town of Ocean City?

With nothing on my mind but this literary obligation I started off with a friend of mine in her Ford coupe, which was newly shined for the occasion. All would have gone well had not a very stout lady in a luxurious Packard limousine taken a sudden dislike to our little car. So much did it annoy her that she boldly made a head-on attack, pushing us completely off the road, with a crash that will never be forgotten. While we wept over "Lizzie," she screamed that her child was hurt. He had cleverly succeeded in biting his lip, giving her a probable excuse to sue us for several thousand of dollars. Of course her running into us made no difference.

"Though a Ford may be down, it is never out" (with apologies to the Salvation Army) and a few hours later we arrived in Ocean City, rather sad looking but not quite in despair. Then came time for my editorial labors. But how could I write? My brain just wouldn't function! I tried to direct my thoughts to something high-minded—uplifting—soul stirring; but ever in my mind was a confusion of bent mud guards, broken running boards, a fat woman hysterically screaming, park guards taking numbers, and headlights throwing the glare at an angle forty-five degrees, thus annoying all drivers coming in the opposite direction.

The few days passed too quickly and I was home again. I happened to be among those present on the re-opening day at Beaver College. Contributions of various faculty members flowed in. I glanced over the work of these geniuses and then thanked my lucky stars that I had not tried to compete. What a useless task it would have been!

Therefore I beg forgiveness of the faculty and students of Beaver College for failing to contribute to this important issue of the Periscope.

Ruth Marjorie Conkling.

Two senior members, whose "crown of glory" is becoming less luxurious, pass through the hall.

Miss Peck: It used to be that those worthy teachers parted their hair with a comb.

Dean Ryder: Now they part it with a towel.

Miss Peck: And very soon they will part with it all.

News of the Alumni

Mrs. Gruzilla Taylor Deshon, class of '17, President of the Beechwood Alumnae, wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all graduates and all 1926 under-graduates to attend the first Beaver-Beechwood meeting, to be held here Saturday, May 29. Mrs. Deshon already has received many letters from Beechwood Alumnae members, saying they expect to be with us this spring.

The Beechwood Philadelphia Club gave a bridge tea and bazaar in January for the benefit of the Alumnae House fund.

Grace Stevens Greene '16, and Myrtle Biesecker Wunsch, '16, were here for a short time on Wednesday, Mar. 31.

Florence and Elleda Bristol, '24, better known as "Bugs" and "Jake", who have been studying in France, Switzerland and Italy, are returning to the States this spring.

Gladys Agramonte, '22, who has been traveling abroad, is to make her home permanently in Cuba with her parents.

Kathrine VanBrunt, '20, has given up her studio in Greenwich Village and gone into the real estate business with her father in Florida.

Mildred Wilson, '21, Secretary of the Beechwood Alumnae, is now head dietitian in one of the leading hospitals of Baltimore.

Virginia Lee Bell of Charlotte, North Carolina, is planning to visit Mrs. Deshon some time this spring.

It is of interest to know that Francis Drake Ballard, husband of Cora Wolf Ballard, has written a number of songs for the "Mask and Wig" show, which is now being given in Philadelphia by the students of the University of Pennsylvania.

Gertrude Stokes, '23, was married Saturday, April 3, to Carlton Harloff, of Connecticut, and they are to make their home in Jamaica, Long Island.

Lucile King of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and Eleanor Maguire of Had don Heights, New Jersey, spent the week end of March 26th, at the College. Both girls are graduates of the Home Economics Course, Class of 1923.

Ruth Korn and Amabel Tredenick both of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, spent the week end of March 26th at Beaver. Both are graduates of the Home Economics Course, class of 1924.

Mrs. Helen Reaser Temple, '18, has recently moved into her new home at 354 Woodlawn avenue, Glenside. Her sister, Mrs. Harriet Reaser Suttly who recently announced her engagement to Mr. Jackson Armitage Drake, expects to be married this spring, is to live at 356 Woodlawn avenue.

Merceda C. Weiss, '23, who is now studying at the Academy of The Fine Arts, Philadelphia, and Lillian Brown of Clarksburg, W. Va., also of '23, were recent dinner guests of Mr. Nuse.

If I were as graceful as a worm
I would do nothing but lie and squirm
If I were as graceful as a worm.

(by) *Lynette Baldwin.*
(per R. H. C.)

Memories of a New Hampshire Camp

THE PINE WOODS

A fine breeze thru piney woods!
I smell its fragrance—feel its moods,
As once again in memory's dreams
I lie on needles, soft it seems.

I hear the lapping of the waves,
The murmur my sweet dream en-
slaves;
I'm lying prostrate on the ground
With all around me—Nature's sound.

Two Little Camp Girls

LOUISE

Her hair was like masses of sunbeams
Yet darkened with copper and gold.
Her eyes were yet like moonbeams
As they twinkled the mischief they told.

But the sun did not stop with her hair,
For it sprinkled, as tho' it o'erflowed,
On her face and her neck and arms
Little kisses of gold dust, thick sowed.
Her mouth was as sweet as a rose-bud,
And in spite of her mischievous ways,
Love words would pour out in a heart
flood
And her eyes would grow soft as moon-
rays.

GLADYS

So lovely was she with her lithe
slender grace
And her raven black hair and her
sweet mobile face.
At first she was shy, but responsive to
love,
She would ever come nearer, as soft
as a dove.

Strangely sensing the beautiful, quite
as her own,
She expressed a fine art not in music
alone,
For her very light step or a ribbon
or so
Would speak farther than poetry ever
could go.

In Indian guise—Pocahontas was she.
A more beautiful picture one only
could see
In the first flush of dawn coming over
the lake
Or the bright silver crescent the moon
will awake.

Her beauty and sweetness I ne'er
shall forget,
And her sensitive sympathy, lingering
yet
As I think of her hand clasp and all
that it meant
As we'd feel the deep spell of the
night in our tent.

B. K. R.

YEAR'S END

When the whirring song of Beaver's
gong
Brings no more light feet tripping
Towards chapel walls or dining halls
Or class-ward-knowledge sipping,
Our vagrant thoughts to yesteryears
Like truants will be turning
With many a sigh for days gone by,
From hearts o'erfull with yearning.

E. S. G.

BEAVER COLLEGE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

List of Recitals

October, 1925—March, 1926

- | | | |
|----------|----|---|
| October | 19 | Song Recital by Bernice Keach Ripley
Frederick Stanley Smith, Accompanist |
| October | 26 | Students' Public Recital |
| November | 12 | Recital by Bertrand Austin, 'Cellist
Emma Warde Ryder, Pianist
Paul Volkmann, Tenor
Dagmar Sjostrom, Violinist |
| November | 16 | Students' Afternoon Recital |
| November | 17 | Piano and Organ Recital by Wassili Leps
Addresses by Dr. John Luther Long
and James Francis Cooke |
| November | 23 | Piano Recital by Matilda Soper, assisted by
Dagmar Sjostrom, Violinist, and
Edna Allen, Accompanist |
| December | 7 | Students' Afternoon Recital |
| December | 9 | Students' Public Recital |
| January | 19 | Concert by Choir of Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church of
Philadelphia
Charles H. Martin, Conductor
Carrie Livingston, Organist
Gertrude Cleveland Haring, Reader |
| January | 21 | Costume Recital by Voice Pupils of Bernice Keach Ripley |
| February | 9 | Recital by Beaver College Music Students for the Rotary Club
of Jenkintown |
| February | 11 | Students' Afternoon Recital |
| February | 25 | Students' Public Recital |
| March | 10 | Students' Afternoon Recital |
| March | 23 | Recital by Beaver College Music Students for the Abington
Branch, Republican Women of Pennsylvania |
| March | 23 | Joint Song Recital by Mr. and Mrs. Burton Piersol
Mary Miller Mount, Accompanist |
| March | 29 | Piano Recital by Marian Matthews Todd |

Emma Warde Ryder.

Beaver Students Appear Before Clubs and Churches

Students of the Music and Expression Departments have had several opportunities lately of giving recitals at various Clubs and Churches in our vicinity.

At the York Road Country Club on March 3, Lulu Bell Paris sang several songs with Eleanor Steinbach accompanying.

On March 10, Eleanor Steinbach, Martha Daun and Betty Davenport entertained the Glenside Women's Club at the Edge Hill Presbyterian Church.

At the Civic Club of Noble on March 12, Ruth Hall, played a piano solo, Sara Newmark and Charlotte Tonis read and Eleanor Steinbach sang with Mary Hedrick accompanying.

On March 19, the Pastor's Aid Society of Grace Presbyterian Church, Jenkintown, had a social at which Roberta Shafer sang, Kathryn Manns played the piano, Ray Womack the violin, and Sara Newmark gave readings.

The same evening, a group of girls went to the Glenside Lutheran church and gave a musical program. Those participating were: Adelaide Weller and Edna Allen, pianists, Lulu Belle

Paris, soprano, Charlotte Tonis, cellist, Dagmar Sjostrom, violinist, and Virginia Harmon and Margaret Moore, readers.

The Abington branch Republican Women of Pennsylvania, held its March meeting in the Beaver College auditorium. Before the meeting a musical program was given by Virginia Harmon, Roberta Shafer and Lulu Belle Paris, vocalists; Adelaide Weller and Mathilda Soper, pianists; Dagmar Sjostrom violinist; Charlotte Tonis, cellist; and Lillian Richter and Edna Allen, organists.

Charlotte Tonis also read for the Dorcas Society at the Jenkintown Presbyterian Church on March 29.

Several letters of praise and appreciation have been received regarding these recitals, with several requests for future dates, showing that the work of the girls is regarded by the community as meritorious.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail,
"Well, I never," was his comment—
"There's a mule that's been in jail!"

O chemist skill, investigate
Answer this question of mine,
I think I know what carbon ate,
But where did Iodine?

Dancing Recognized by Pentathlon This Year

When asked to write an article on dancing I must confess I was at first a bit horrified, for how well I knew those poor miserable souls who leap wearily around the gymnasium floor doing all sorts of pretty little glissades, ronde de jambes, and what not, would enjoy having themselves talked about. Then, on second thought, I was quite pleased, for now I have the opportunity to say safely in writing and far from the guns of Pentathlon, who are just a trifle weary of hearing it so much, what I have said before and am still saying, namely: that dancing would and has at last come into its own at Beaver!

Dancing is of course, considered an art but to some of us who smoothly (?) valse around the gym it's "torture." Why do we dance? "Because it counts as three hours a week exercise," we puff out between steps. And yet, I notice that most of those taking it are old stand-bys and that a good many of them take not only three but four hours a week.

Then taking it from the standpoint that it is mainly an exercise, and let me add, without a doubt the most valuable exercise for girls —(Go ahead! shout, Pentathlon!)—why shouldn't it rank with other sports, as the means of an entrance to Pentathlon? Do we all love Hockey? You bet we all don't! Do we all love basket-ball? Yes, We all love to watch it! We certainly have good teams, don't we? Dancing? Yes, there are a few of us who love it in spite of the fact that it counts as three hours exercise. There's really nothing peculiar about the fact that we don't exactly love everything we have to do! There's always something we prefer, though. Personally, I'd rather dance than do anything but I really can't quite bring myself up to the point where I'd really enjoy a game of tennis. It's something I suffer through.

This year Pentathlon, after considering carefully, added to the constitution and it now reads that dancing should rank with other sports, so now one hundred points and a letter go to the girl who wins the contest, and also points for second and third place. I feel that Pentathlon has acted very wisely in this matter for altho we can't all be Pavlovas some of us would like to be. Dancing is also a girl's exercise and if she excels in this particular feature as others do in the other sports, it is only fair that she receive the same reward!

There are several girls eligible for the contest this year and most of them have done very creditable work in outside demonstrations at Arnold College of Physical Education, New Haven, and Temple University, Philadelphia. The girl who wins may take pride in the fact that she will be the first to enter Pentathlon in this particular field.

Isabelle Seguire.

I used to call my sweetheart Calcy,
When in my arms she was devine—
Then, as I brushed my coat lapels,
I whispered "Calcy mine."

Adventuring on the High Seas—Every Day!

(Continued from Page 1)

necessary to go out of my own small town or for that matter out of my easy chair to have one. For instance imagine the "thrill" of picking up a magazine and finding an article by some one that I know personally; or picking up a book and finding something that I have wanted all my life to express and that some other spirit has said for me. And then there is this business of suddenly having a thought about something. A real thought is a sufficiently rare thing that when it comes and knocks me in the head so to speak it fairly bowls me over. Perhaps you think I have mixed my metaphors here, but I am talking about "coming upon" things; and I do not know why a thought can not "come upon" me as well as I can "come upon" a thought. And if you require achievement we are all having adventures every day or ought to be having them. What about getting a spell of the blues; accomplishing something that is not easy; or overcoming a bad habit or acquiring a good one? Where does King Arthur come in besides these things? And if you stick to the dictionary and demand risk, there are people not ten blocks from me who undergo the most amazing risks every twenty-four hours.

There is for instance the person who risks a night's sleep by going to bed just beneath a room in which the inhabitants like to dance the Charleston till two a. m.; and there is the girl who risks friendship when she dares to work and make known that she is working in spite of the fact that her nearest neighbors prefer to talk all evening or run a phonograph. Then there is that type of adventure that consists of meeting strange people. You may remember that our old friend Gulliver came across some people who in all outward semblance were just like others except for the remarkable fact that they were small enough to dance on his hand. Do you know sometimes I meet people who seem to be just like everybody else in wanting all that belongs to them except for the one peculiar circumstance that when they are paying for education it seems that the more they pay for it the less of it they want to carry away.

When I was an undergraduate I used to be "thrilled" by reading books about conditions in our big cities and in other countries—lawlessness and crime and anarchy. This was all so delightfully horrible like the crime in a story or a murder play; and aroused in me the desire to go "slumming" which I suppose everybody passes through who takes undergraduate sociology. But what is this compared to the chill up and down my spine when I realize that it is not necessary to go to the slums to find the same psychology. The girl looking just like any other girl who defies law in her little world is an anarchist on a small scale and the boy who ignores the rights of others is a criminal against a social law if not a national one. I might sit next to a sort of Captain Kidd in the street car and not realize that I was having a first-class adventure.

But it takes all kinds of people to make up the world. Some of my adventures are with people that sweep

me off my feet with little sudden courtesies that are both interesting and beautiful. And some are not with people at all but things. George Washington would have considered it an astonishing adventure to sit in his house in Philadelphia and hear an orchestra in Boston, or to read in the evening paper what happened last night in China, or to look at an X-Ray picture, or to learn that the scientist is knocking a few electrons from the atom of gold and making something else out of it. All these things "thrill" me when I have time to stop and think about them.

To sum it all up, human experience is a series of adventures which we can recognize if we happen to be looking for them. They are not all pleasant of course, but then when it comes to that perhaps it was not all pleasure for Saint George when he met the dragon. On the whole I feel like saying with the poet—Stevenson wasn't it—

"This world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should be as happy as kings."

Mary Patterson Clark.

Miss Clarke took her American History Class on an Historical Expedition in Philadelphia, recently. First they went to The Pennsylvania Historical Society at 13th & Locust streets, where they saw a number of pieces of Abraham Lincoln's furniture. Then they went to Carpenters' Hall, where the First Continental Congress met, thence to Independence Hall to see Liberty Bell and other treasures that people journey thousands of miles to see, after which they all went to Old Christ's Church where they rested in Washington's pew. With a visit to Betsy Ross' House, where the first American flag was made, and a few minutes stop at Benjamin Franklin's grave, the trip was concluded.

Two long months more
It can't be true—
That we have such an endless time
to live,
Until June four!

Just two months more
Until we turn—perhaps—
For one last lingering look, last lingering sigh,
At dear old Beaver's door.

Two months before that far-flung goal's achieved,
And even then, some tender-hearted soul may say,
"I would defer this parting, dear old chums,
Until another day."

E. S. G.

TELEGRAM

Somewhere in Beaver.

Periscope Staff,

Greetings—

Am with you in spirit and am eagerly awaiting this Faculty Issue.

F. M. Harper.

There he laid—sad and dreary,
His tongue was parched his sole was weary.
His eyes were swollen, a sight to meet.
Was that old shoe in the midst of Main Street.

Miss Clarke who was called to Yale University for the Easter Holidays in regard to her book dealing with the American Colonial Assemblies, was unable to go because of trouble with her eyes. A brief summary of one chapter of this book was read at the American Historical Association in Ann Arbor, Michigan, during the Christmas Holidays. We are very glad that this recognition was given to one of the members of our faculty.

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